

[There is a remarkable literary curiosity in the shape of a medley of distinguished poems. It is nearly the equal of the one now so famous, which is to be found in the great book of nearly every lover of the beautiful in literature. This is an arrangement of some fourteen months' study of the various authors of England and America, living and dead. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard poets of America and England. It embraces the words of thirty-eight different poets. The number of each line refers to the author below.]

- ## MY FIRST CLIENT.

Fortunately, Armitage and myself were both, to a considerable extent, independent of our profession, for, to all appearance, our profession was quite independent of us. We had been called, as I have mentioned, very nearly a year, and neither of us had been favored with a brief; nor did there appear to be any particular likelihood that we ever should. We had had a friend, Charley Larcombe, who had recently been articled to a solicitor, and who had promised that when he was out of his articles (which would be in about four years) and had passed his examination (which might be before he would "give us a lift." This, however, we never expected, and appeared to be our only chance; but, with the moral languishing of youth, we still looked for briefs, though we had not the faintest notion where they were to come from. In truth, in the very early days of our professional career (when we had only been barristers for a week or two), we used to watch with anxious solicitude any person of legal aspect who was seen to cross the court in the direction of our legal room; and we found that the persons of legal aspect invariably stopped short at the chambers of Cockburn, Q. C., which were immediately below ours, and the approach of a stranger had now ceased to excite more than a casual interest. At the outset of our career we had unanimously agreed that everything of an unprofessional character in our surroundings should be rigidly tabooed. In particular we had decided that our breakfast should always be cleared away before 9 a. m., and that smoking should not, on any account, be permitted in the room destined for the reception of clients. In accordance with these virtuous resolutions, we were (or, I should almost say, was, I have been) always to be found by half past 9, each seated in the rigidest of arm-chairs, with a blacked coat of frock-coats and the stiffest of shirt collars, attentively perusing ponderous law books, and making copious notes with the assistance of a gigantic pocket inkstand, polished to a positively dazzling brightness. But this halcyon state of affairs was too good to last. We had agreed up our virtuous resolves to

I began to see my way. Podgers had carried on the strength of the old gen-

nd appeared to find considerable difficulty in tearing himself away. At last,

The Cattle King of the Plains.

Several China papers state that there is a movement being made to introduce a mint at Peking. The Chinese have no fractional currency except inferior copper cash. China, it is said, would absorb fully £100,000,000 worth of silver, as a fractional currency alone, in course of years.

Methodism invaded Germany in 1849. It has now 481 preaching stations; cheap chapels worth about \$300,000; the annual collections are nearly \$40,000; their theological seminary at Frankfort has sent out sixty-one young preachers; and the publishing house at Bremen issues to subscribers four different papers, aggregating 40,000 copies. The unfriendly German paper which gives these facts adds that "the movement is producing great confusion with weak heads."

practice.—*Burlington* (1846).